English 2 Vocabulary Final

*Directions: On your own piece of paper, write down the correct word that goes in each blank. Each word is used only once and there is a word bank given for each passage.*

**Story #1**

* Adversity
* Apathetic
* Delusional
* Harangue
* Hierarchy
* Hostile
* Luxury
* Oblivion
* Retribution
* Vivid

After three long months in the dangerous jungles of Vietnam, I could not believe that we were going into \_\_\_\_\_\_(1)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ territory again. Our command unit had only been out of the woods for two days and now they were sending us in again.

“Seriously, Tyrell? Are they *trying* to get us killed?” EJ asked.

“Hey, man, you know how it is. The army is one big \_\_\_\_\_\_(2)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, with the big guys at the top, and you and me? We fall way down at the bottom of this totem pole.”

“Really, EJ, what did you expect? All this time off, hot showers, and three hot meals a day seemed a bit like a \_\_\_\_\_\_(3)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ after three months in the jungle anyway,” I said, trying to make him feel a little better.

“Yeah, kid, you must be \_\_\_\_\_\_(4)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ if you thought that this sweet deal would last long,” Tyrek said, smacking the back of his head.

Only Simon was silent. He always was a weird one, never showing any emotion at all. As far as we could tell, he was completely \_\_\_\_\_\_(5)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ about everything—nobody knew if the man even HAD feelings.

“Well, let’s get some sleep. It may be a while before we get another chance to sleep in a bed. Come on guys, let’s move it!” Tyrell commanded.

The next morning, we set out with our packs and weapons. As commanded, we set out going north, searching for the town that the Viet Cong had recently captured. Our mission was to find the town, get rid of the Viet Cong soldiers, and rescue all of the civilians. Easy enough, right? But really, our unit had faced much worse \_\_\_\_\_\_(6)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ in our time together, so I really wasn’t too worried as we walked along through the dense, humid forest. Besides, in our last outing, we had lost two of our group to the Viet Cong, and we were all looking for a little \_\_\_\_\_\_(7)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.

If you’ve never been in a jungle before, you wouldn’t realize that there is always a constant hum of sound—from the bugs, the animals, even the trees seemed to have some sort of vibration to them. So, when everything suddenly goes silent, it is as if the whole world has disappeared. The guys of my unit dove for cover, knowing that something was wrong. I lay under a low-hanging bush, trying to still my racing heart and breath. My eyes were searching the area, looking for the enemy soldiers and my own boys, when I saw that Simon was still in the middle of the clearing. I had no idea what he was doing, but I had to hold back the urge to \_\_\_\_\_\_(8)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ him—if I yelled, it would be a dead give-away for my own position.

All of a sudden, there was a crack and a flash of light and Simon was just gone. An outside observer would probably say that there was a \_\_\_\_\_\_(9)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ display of colors—white, red, green, and black, but my brain was numb and the only thing that I could register was that Simon was gone so quickly. Then, a dull pain began to set into my chest. When I saw Simon and heard the crack, I must have sat up, making myself vulnerable. A new realization began to set in.

When I looked up from my shirt, where a dark red pool of blood was blooming, I saw the sneering face of a Viet Cong soldier. Just before I slipped into \_\_\_\_\_\_(10)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, I realized that the last thing I would ever see was the soldier slowly licking his cracked and dirt-stained lips.

**Story** **#2**

* Compelling
* Controversial
* Corrupt
* Dehumanize
* Emaciated
* Indiscriminate
* Incite
* Meager
* Persevere
* Untenable

Everybody thought it was crazy. Seriously, who would really believe that the world would end in 2012? But then again, nobody expected the lyssana virus either. Within days of the outbreak, people across the world were being bitten and turning into crazed, man-eating zombies. Well, really, the zombies were \_\_\_\_\_\_(11)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_--they would eat anything they could get their hands and teeth on, including each other. Of course, fresh meat was their favorite; the smell of a live human, and especially their blood, would \_\_\_\_\_\_(12)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ them to such a bloodlust that they would tear each other apart in the effort to get to their prey.

For a while, the government tried to convince that everything was going to be okay. “We have it under control,” they said. “This will not spread any further,” they said. Yet, within a few weeks, the relatively few politicians who were left were so \_\_\_\_\_\_(13)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ that no one could trust them anymore. Really, they just abused their power in order to make life as pleasant (and long) as they possibly could. Even before that, the issue of killing the zombies was extremely \_\_\_\_\_\_(14)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ because no one could agree whether or not it was acceptable to kill them. Of course, everyone in my area just got more and more frustrated with the debate. I mean, the politicians wouldn’t be arguing if zombies were breaking down *their* door trying to eat them.

I guess I should introduce myself. My name is Destini. I used to be a normal, everyday teenage girl before the virus hit. Now, I just do everything that I can to keep myself and my little brother Trey alive. Really, living by ourselves is an extremely \_\_\_\_\_\_(15)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ situation; it’s only a matter of time until one of us gets bitten. That’s why we are going to a government quarantine we heard about. Granted, it is only a rumor and it is supposedly thousands of miles away, but we don’t really have any other choice. If nothing else, our quickly disappearing food supply is certainly a \_\_\_\_\_\_(16)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ enough reason to go. As it is, we are barely going to survive another few days on such \_\_\_\_\_\_(17)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ rations and Trey keeps complaining about how hungry he is.

I know that we will make it. We have to \_\_\_\_\_\_(18)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ through all of this hardship, simply because we don’t have any other choice. I don’t want to die or turn into a monster, and I am definitely going to do anything that I can to protect my little brother. I will not let this virus \_\_\_\_\_\_(19)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ him the same way it turned our parents into something less than human.

I take one last look at my little brother’s poor, \_\_\_\_\_\_(20)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ little body and promise myself that one day, he will be strong and healthy again. Then we head out to face what is left of our destroyed world.

**Story #3**

* Advocate
* Animosity
* Blasphemy
* Beneficial
* Detrimental
* Denial
* Deprive
* Internalize
* Irreverent
* Poverty

“I don’t think you understand the situation you’re in.”

Leon looked up from the table at the tall man who was currently towering over him with a stern look in his eye. He had never trusted men like this when he was on the outside—men who wore expensive suits and an attitude that said “I’m better than you.” And he certainly wasn’t going to start now.

“Look boy, I am trying to be your \_\_\_\_\_\_(21)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ here. Do you understand? NOBODY else is fighting for you. I’m all you have.” The man flicked open his pack of cigarettes and pulled one out. Just as he was about to light it, a guard stepped forward and whispered in his ear. With a look of irritation, and a mumbled “I KNOW it’s \_\_\_\_\_\_(22)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ to my health,” he grudgingly put the cigarette back in the box. Returning his gaze to Leon, who was seated at the table, the lawyer took a deep breath. They had been in the visiting room of the local prison for hours and Leon had yet to say a single word.

“You are about to go on trial for murder. I want you to \_\_\_\_\_\_(23)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ that fact. Make it a part of yourself. Really understand all of the consequences and implications of it. Because, if you don’t, you WILL be going to jail for a very long time, and none of your ‘homies’ will be there to back you up then.”

Leon flinched a little at the use of the word “homies”. One, because a man like this lawyer should never use a word like that. And two, because he knew that it was true. He came from an extremely poor area of town and the \_\_\_\_\_\_(24)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ had really taken a toll on everyone in the area. Because there was so little money and even fewer jobs in the area, most of the local boys had turned to gangs and drugs in order to stay alive and support their families. In fact, that was how he had gotten himself into this mess. He joined the SDs when he was nine years old and he had been gang-banging ever since. When his boys told him that they were going to make a raid on their rivals, the 40 thieves, he knew that he didn’t really have a choice.

He wasn’t really sure why or when the \_\_\_\_\_\_(25)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ between the two groups started; he just knew that they hated each other with a burning passion and neither group would stop until the other was completely gone. Even more, it would almost be \_\_\_\_\_\_(26)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ to leave a Thief alive if anything could be done to kill him. It may not be an act against God, but it would definitely be an act against the higher powers of the gang. So, when presented with the opportunity, Leon shot one of the Thieves and here he was.

The lawyer said something sharply, bringing Leon out of his thoughts. All of a sudden, everything that had been building up in him since he was nine years old burst out of him in a wave as he jumped out of his chair:

“What do you want from me?! Do you think I’m in \_\_\_\_\_\_(27)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_? I’m not stupid! I know what I have done and I know what is going to happen to me. Don’t *you* understand that I didn’t have a choice? There was NO ONE to help me, except the SDs. They are my *family*! I won’t let anyone \_\_\_\_\_\_(28)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ me of my family, and if you even try to take them away, I will kill you! Now, why don’t you stop acting like you are so much better than me and HELP me. Because if you can’t, or won’t, then I want you to get the hell out of here.” Spent, Leon sat back down and glared at the table again. He didn’t know whether or not his little outburst would be \_\_\_\_\_\_(29)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ to him in the long run, but at least he was finally able to say his piece.

The lawyer was silent for a moment, seemingly trying to process everything that Leon had just said. Finally he spoke.

“Feel better?” When Leon didn’t respond, the lawyer continued, “Well, you’re a(n) \_\_\_\_\_\_(30)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ little piece of crap, aren’t you? Though I have to say, I have met people who are far more rude and disrespectful than you, kid. But now that you have found your voice again, let’s sit down and figure out our strategy.”

Leon looked up with suspicion, and perhaps even a little bit of hope, in his eyes. Maybe his life wasn’t completely over. Maybe he would get a second chance. And this time, he knew that he wouldn’t mess it up.

**Story #4**

* Anecdote
* Aspect
* Condone
* Genre
* Juxtapose
* Oppression
* Predominant
* Redundant
* Visualize
* Void

“You mean, your favorite \_\_\_\_\_\_(31)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ of music is really opera? Seriously? What are you, sixty?” Brittany looked at her best friend, Bianca with a look of such utter horror that it was almost funny.

Glancing up from her homework, Bianca replied, “It’s really good! The music is just so beautiful and the emotions are so powerful. I think that’s my favorite \_\_\_\_\_\_(32)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_--the emotion in each song. No other type of music can get you to feel something as strongly as opera can.”

They were sitting in Bianca’s room working on an essay for their English II class. Both of them really loved English, but sometimes you just need some support to make it through the huge workload their teacher assigned. And since they were in Bianca’s room, she got to choose the background music.

“Can’t we *please* listen to something with a beat? I just can’t take it when the \_\_\_\_\_\_(33)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ sound in a song is some fat lady roaring—I can’t hear anything else!” Brittany pleaded.

“Come on, Brit! Just listen to the words. Can’t you \_\_\_\_\_\_(34)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ the scene between the man and woman? Just picture it—they are looking at each other with such love in their eyes, but they know that they can’t be together. It’s romantic!”

“I just can’t \_\_\_\_\_\_(35)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ my best friend listening to music like this. If I sit back and do nothing, you are going to become the laughingstock of the whole school! Everybody will make fun of you! Besides, it is an extreme, although creative, form of \_\_\_\_\_\_(36)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ if you keep me here locked up, forced to listen to this crappy music. Don’t you care about my rights at all?!”

“I think you are being just a little bit over-dramatic. Besides, if you \_\_\_\_\_\_(37)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ opera and hip-hop, you would see that they are not that different. They both deal with life and love, they both have interesting and beautiful music behind them, and they both have a lot of people who really enjoy them. Except opera just doesn’t have hip hop’s annoying habit of having \_\_\_\_\_\_(38)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ phrases. I mean, is it really necessary to say the same line over and over and over again? Now, let’s get back to this essay. What’s the topic again?”

With a sigh and a grumble, Brittany gave up and looked at her best friend. She knew it was impossible to argue with Bianca when she set her mind on something, and really it was probably better to concentrate on the immense \_\_\_\_\_\_(39)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ of her blank paper instead. Then, with a smirk and a glance at Bianca, she said, “I think the topic is something about ‘taste.’ Clearly, you are going to fail since you don’t have any.”

Bianca threw a pillow and replied, “Look who’s talking? Anyway, we probably could use this conversation as a great \_\_\_\_\_\_(40)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ for our papers. You know Ms. Shields loves it when we use short stories in our writing.”

With that, both girls bent their heads and began writing, while faint strains of *Madame Butterfly*, the opera, played in the background.